

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—JESUS.

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."—THOMAS PAINE.

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WHOLE No. 18.

Burns and His Highland Mary in Heaven.

Robert Burns once said, "if there is another life, there shall I with speechless agony of rapture, again recognize my lost, my ever dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy and love." Mrs. Hyzer of Waterford, N. Y., a spirit medium, was applied to, to say if this hope of the poet were realized in the spirit land, the interrogator not uttering the question, but saying if Burns' spirit were present it would respond. Some time after, Mrs. H., who was not familiar with the poems of Burns, presented the following stanzas as the reply of the Poet to the unuttered questions:

Fair lady that I come to you
A stranger bard fu' well I ken,
For ye've known naught of me save through
The lays I've poured through Scotia's glen
But when I speak o' gliding Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,
O' Doon and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap you'll think o' Robert Burns.

I am the last, and why I'm here,
I heard the gude dame when she said
She'd know in joyous spirit sphere,
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her o' our joy—
No muckle impress could I make;
And lady, I have flown to see
If ye'd to her my message take.

Tell her that when I passed from earth
My angel lassie crowned wi' flowers,
Met me wi' glowing love-lit torch,
And led me to the nuptial bowers—
That all we dreamed o' wedded bliss,
And more was meted to us there;
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flowey banks o' Ayr.

Where love's celestial fountains played,
And rosebuds burst and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twined our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I mourned sae lang;
And while by angel harp was played
The bonnie "bridal serenade,"
Though nae gow'ed priest the kirk right said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed!

There's nae destroying death frost here
To nip the hope buds ere they bloom:
The "bridal tour" is through the sphere
Eternity the "honey-moon."
And now, my lady, if ye'll bear,
These words unto my anxious dame,
I think I can ye so reward,
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

Upon that tree waves not two leaves alike,
Yet they are all oak leaves, and all derive
From the same source, by the same means their food.
Each has its voice, yet when the mighty wind,
Sweeps o'er them as a lyre, one song is theirs.
When shall we be like them—when understand
That if we grow upon the topmost bough
Of the great tree—or be so lowly placed
That we must touch the daisy at its foot,
One origin is ours, one aim, one work.

The tyrant trembles if the air but stirs
The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,
And crouches when the thought of some great spirit,
With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,
Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,
Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.

HELENA MILES' HEART HISTORY.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

CHAPTER VI.

Helena's Second Letter to her Mother.

A happy New Year, Mother, dear! How the years come and go! What joys and sorrows, light and darkness they bring!

New Year's is a great gala day with us. Every one is on the *qui vive* to gather the good wishes that are profusely scattered from human lips. It would be a blessed world if the benediction, that we receive one day in the year, came welling up from the heart! But then a "God bless you" is acceptable if the words are lip-coined for the occasion.

Dear mother, this is to me a horrible day. I am folded snugly in a faded Cashmere; my feet tucked into a pair of dilapidated slippers, and I have only the satisfaction of watching the crowd from my half curtained window. The doctor calls me sick, and so I am; but my disease lies quite beyond his reach. Pills and powders are not the antidote for heart-sickness. For ten, long, weary years I have walked the world with weary feet. "Nightly I pitch my moving tent" thanking God for a "day's march" nearer the grave. Strange way to live, isn't it, mother?

Smiling and damning your eyes, meantime, to keep the tears from betraying soul-secrets. Well, we all go masked and the world, at best, is but a grand masquerade.

Wish I could sit down at your feet, dear mother, lay my head upon your knees, and pour out the pent up sorrows that are cursing and consuming my life. But it may not be; I have sinned and I must suffer; but I have no faith in eternal torments for the sins of a day.

I married Julius Gray in a fit of desperation. I was a fugitive from Aunt Jane's house of bondage—sick of the cloth-room life;—I was heart-homeless, too; I wanted a strong arm to lean upon, a manly heart to give me shelter. Julius wanted a housekeeper; he wanted home-comforts; he wanted, needed a wife just as much as a Southern gentleman needs a faithful negro to brush his coat and to black his boots. So, you see, ours was simply a marriage of convenience. We were traitors to our own souls and mine will not brook the insult.

Julius knows that a priestly mockery and the chains imposed by law is all that binds us, yet he will not loose his hold and let me go free. He provides for my physical wants about as well as he does for those of his favorite horse, and, in his blindness, he supposes that any other woman would be happy in my condition. Just as though a human soul, aspirational and freedom-loving, could be content to dwell in caves if it possessed the wherewithall to purchase bread and dry goods!

"Not for this
Was common clay taken from the common earth;
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears"

I remember your warnings and cautions and *try* to school myself into submission; but the moment Caution is off duty, my soul refuses to bow to the iron will of one who fain would reign my heart in God's stead.

Julius is jealous, selfish and shockingly tyrannical. But he thinks he does not overstep the limits of law; and then St. Paul is frequently summoned to testify in his favor. "Wives be submissive to your husbands" would damn any other book than the Bible. If I were a member of the masculine gender, I would not draw into my net an artless girl and then exercise all the infernal power vested in me by law and a corrupt society and expect her in turn to "love and obey" as the law directs. Common sense would teach me that the spirit doesn't love fetters and *will not* wear them. If Julius would leave me to myself, let alone my rights, and see only to himself, I could live on quite comfortably and might learn to love him; whereas now he is the terror of my life. I absolutely fear the man as a slave fears a tyrannical master. His very presence so terrifies me that I envy the maniac and convict who are shut out from the world and from *lordly* husbands.

You ask if I have "counted the cost of a separation." Yes, counted cost and profits and find the balance decidedly in my favor. I shall loose a clique of fashionable butterflies who congregate in my parlors to be flattered and fed. I can well afford to lose them as they are only an expense to me; and, then, I can make good use of the rooms they occupy. There is another class I *hope* to have the pleasure of parting with a class *called* reformers. The locusts in Egypt were not more numerous or annoying than this tribe of half humans. They talk long and eloquently about woman's rights and wrongs; they attend all the popular conventions and give their perfumed pocket handkerchiefs an airing while listening to stern facts in relation to the oppression of married women; but the moment a woman steps out of her fetters these same weeping sisters will get up parlor meetings of condolence and the poor injured husband is invited to attend. Julius has just returned from one of these meetings and in justice to him I will say he came home cursing the treachery of woman and warning me to "beware of my friends." Well, now, do you suppose I will hug my chains to appease the wrath, and silence the Mrs. Grundy clique? Not a bit of it. I am a thousand times more value to myself than a multitude of such heartless popularity seekers can be to me; and I had rather be at peace with my own soul and have God on my side than to live a *lie* with the approval of cowards and half made up wordlings. There are a few men who fear me; but not so much as they will if I am prospered in my plans. I am preaching insurrec-

tionary doctrines to their wives and they, knowing how unjustly we are bondage-held, fear the light—the truth. One man is threatening to take his wife from the city to keep her out of my hearing. Poor fellow! Why don't he treat her like the human soul she is and there would be no need of packing off to save his human stock. The thing you most dread I shall lose—my house, the property we together have earned. Julius has pocketed my cash, and tells me coolly that if I will live with him, he will support me. What generosity! It is what he never has done, however. But if I choose to leave "his bed and board" I must go out with a blackened name, homeless and penniless, to beg, starve or live as best I can. It must be a pleasant thought to a man that a woman lives with him because he has stolen her purse and holds in his keeping her good name! But I rather think I will not do it. I have serious thoughts of loosing the chains that are rusting in my heart's blood—of sending them to the——from whence they came. I have neither love or use for the burdensome things. Then why should I keep them?—Why carry to the grave a load of useless lumber when Nature intended me for a free woman, a Divine Soul? Let come storm or calm, poverty or plenty it is all the same. Freedom or death is my motto.—So look out for an out-break.

Some respectable people, of course, condemn me; but these same souls are ready to denounce all who refuse to "cast out devils" in the name of Public Opinion. But a host of good, strong, sensible souls are ready to aid me in my forward march to the Freedom-land; and thanks, not a few, will go up to the Liberty-loving God, when I am safely through the Red Sea that lies between me and the land of Promise. A number of wealthy people, who know my heart-yearnings for freedom, have kindly opened to me their doors; and others have offered aid in various ways; but I am not to fold my hands and sit idly down. Life for me has labor. It may be to preach freedom to the slave, myself a captive no longer, for Mr. S——has prophesied that I am angel-missioned to do this very thing. Who knows he is not right?

Wouldn't it be frightful, mother, to see your daughter in the pulpit? But if I do get there, of one thing be assured, Phariseism, black-hearted Hypocrisy and Law-and-Custom masked Sensualism will receive no mercy at my hands. These knaves have been pampered and petted, till half the world regards it a crime to speak truthfully of them. But do not, I pray you, be alarmed by the idea of seeing me suddenly transformed into an infamous Notoriety.

Yours for the Right.
(To be continued.)

There is a certain diplomacy in the tactics of society which prevents anything like a sincere utterance of one's sentiments and opinions, even should one happen to possess them. To be "agreeable," is the only idea of fashion, and we must have faith in our auditor as well as confidence and sincerity in ourselves, before we can dare attempt a free utterance. How it would astonish the world of fashion in which you move, if you were ever to forget yourself so far as to say anything very earnest, very sincere or very eloquent! You would soon be only tolerated and characterized with an expressive shrug of the shoulders as an "original." No; vanity is the only feeling you can address with safety, and for this reason the skillful tatician will win the world's smile where the gifted soul too proud to "stoop to conquer" must inevitably fail.—
Iowa Home Visitor.

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER SIX.

In compliance with the statement made at the close of our last number, we will proceed to examine the facts in relation to the power possessed by the intellectual faculty of man to leave the body, during the life of the body, and go to places distant, without producing any derangement in the vital condition of body, in other words, without destroying the health or life of the individual; and of the power of this faculty or spirit to render itself visible to others during its absence from the body; and of the possibility of rendering this faculty subject to the will, and of the means which have been practiced to accomplish this purpose. The number of cases of this kind which have come to our knowledge are very few and of the means used to attain to this condition, our knowledge is limited.

We have been able to obtain the history of but one case of development of this character, i. e., when the faculty is under the control of the will; and this case is so imperfect that it cannot be relied upon as giving certain directions for the practice of those who might wish to develop this faculty. But as giving this case will be the shortest means of examining the whole subject, we will proceed in its narration for the sake of brevity.

The subject is about forty years old—of temperate habits,—light brown hair, bluish-gray eyes, light skin,—five feet, eight or nine inches in height—of medium muscular development not inclined to corpulency—ordinary sized head and brain; phrenological organs well balanced—skeptical in religion—inclined to investigate new subjects in philosophy. His descriptive faculties are deficient and it is with difficulty that he can describe an object or event with sufficient minuteness to give the listener a perfect idea of it; although he does not appear to be deficient in intellect. The above describes his natural condition and habits.

He was born in Wales and brought to America by his parents when a child. His family are naturally inclined to clairvoyance, his mother having been clairvoyant to some extent. He had a sister who possessed extraordinary clairvoyant powers when a child, being able to tell the chapter and verse in a Bible, which a person was reading at a distance of four miles. These are all the facts bearing any connection with the following experiment and its results.

He took three substances, mineral, vegetable and animal; and with these he made passes from his head to his feet, every day for six weeks. It is to be regretted that no register was kept of the phenomena which occurred during this time, as for want of it we are unable to state the changes as they occurred during this time and the order in which they occurred; but at the end of that time he had lost all control over his movements, i. e., his locomotion was not under the control of his will. He retained the use of his limbs and his muscular strength was not lessened; he was perfectly conscious of all that was passing, but if he attempted to go in one direction he was equally likely to go in another, although perfectly aware of the error. This lasted about twenty-four hours, when a new phenomena appeared; he could not move in a direction opposite to the position of the sun or moon, i. e., he could not in the morning get from the east to the west side of his room, even with the assistance of two stout persons, but after the sun or moon had set, they did not attract him so violently. This would seem to indicate that it was the light rather than the orbs themselves by which he was attracted. By degrees the will gained con-

trol over his physical powers, and in about a week he could move at will; but as the will gained control over his locomotion his consciousness became increased, and he became aware of the position of all objects in his neighborhood, and he could point out the position of any object and over this the will had no control; but as in the former case the will slowly gained control over this also, and then he could tell the position of objects if he willed to do so and not without. As this condition subsided a new phenomena ensued; he became aware of the thoughts of every one who approached, and this was independent of his will. If he saw any person, or heard a name mentioned or even thought of one, he immediately knew what he or she was thinking, and this in spite of himself.

This was the most distressing symptom of any, for although often it was extremely ludicrous, it was frequently just the reverse. Their thoughts with regard to himself would sometimes have provoked him to excessive anger, had he not reflected that they arose from ignorance of his condition and not from any intention on their part to insult him or wound his feelings. This condition like the others gradually came entirely under the control of the will, and then he could at will tell any person what he was thinking of.

The whole time occupied in these changes was about two months, and from that time until the present his condition has been as follows:

His health is usually good.—He can at any time come in rapport with the body of a sick person—will describe their feelings and tell the cause of disease—can tell where strayed cattle are—can tell where a person's friends are and what they are doing. A lady whose son was on his way to California, by the over-land route, inquired of him concerning him. He told her that he was on the plains and that he was at that time engaged in writing a letter to her, which she would receive by mail, about such a time, and that in it he was endeavoring to describe certain strange animals, which he had seen the day before. The lady got the letter and found it dated on the day of inquiry and its contents as described.

He sees the exact representations of persons who are deceased and converses with these apparitions as if they were still in the flesh. They enter his workshop and after remaining in conversation with him for a time, retire as mortals would. He is also able to visit places at a distance and return to his body again, and this faculty is under the control of his will. At one time he wished to visit the Pacific side of the Peninsula. This was in the evening after retiring to bed. In a few minutes he was there and found that it was blowing a gale, and that a vessel was about being wrecked. He went on board of the vessel and saw a gentleman who said that he was returning from California to some place in the State of Maine, where he belonged. When the vessel struck the reef this gentleman jumped overboard and was drowned.

Mr.——told the circumstances of the shipwreck to some of his friends the next day, and in a few weeks an account of the shipwreck was published in the eastern papers, with the circumstance of the loss of the gentleman from Maine. I have been somewhat minute in describing this case as it presents a curious assemblage of facts in mental philosophy. A question, however, arises: Did the manipulations as above stated produce the conditions above described? This question we are unable to answer at present, as there is no other case of the kind known to us, and a single experiment is not enough to establish such a fact.

We have given the account just as we had it from the individual himself, corroborated by the statements of other individuals whose veracity we have no reason to doubt.

That persons do visit places where their bodies are not, is now a well established fact; but there are but few instances where this faculty is under the control of the will. Only one case is well authenticated that we have seen, and that is the case of a physician in Philadelphia, mentioned by Catharine Crow and E. C. Rogers. In that case as in the case above related, persons saw and conversed with him, without any suspicion of the absence of the body. The faculty of the Philadelphia doctor was clearly under the control of the will, as he went and came at the request of others.

In all other instances where persons have been seen absent from their bodies, the persons so seen are not aware at the time of having left their bodies, nor do they previously, i. e., when the clairvoyance is produced, design to do so, and they are not even aware after their return to their bodies that they have done so, but suppose that they have been dreaming, and it is not until they have been informed of their having been seen at the time and place corresponding with the supposed dream, that they are aware that anything uncommon has happened. This was the case of Mr. Wilson which was published a few years since. It is not always the case that persons seen by others retain any knowledge of what has happened, being wholly unconscious, so the memory retains nothing of the circumstances which transpire, and this is the case with most clairvoyants where the clairvoyance is artificially produced, by the agency of another. One thing, however, in these cases is worthy of notice, and that is, that the spirits of these persons are in existence independent of their physical bodies. If, then, the spirit of a person can exist independent of the physical body for ten minutes, is it not a fair conclusion, that it can so exist for any length of time? And ought we to be derided for believing that when from disease or natural decay the body is no longer a fit habitation for the spirit, the spirit may still retain its identity and be capable of knowing and making itself known?

We hardly see how, in justice to our senses, we can escape arriving at such a conclusion.

But the great mystery is, how to bring this faculty under the control of the will. There are numerous instances of persons, while sitting in the circle, suddenly finding themselves at places quite distant from the places where their bodies are; but they cannot control this thing by their wills, owing, no doubt, to their ignorance of the subject. So there are many instances of persons in the circle being able to see through their companions as if they were glass,—of seeing all the organs in their bodies, while they retain a perfect consciousness of all that is passing and are not aware of any abnormal condition in themselves, but the thing appears to be accidental, and not at all dependant upon the will, so that the faculty is at present almost useless. To use the expression of one of these persons, "they can see or cannot see, just as it happens."

Now what we would like to do, is to call the attention of media to the fact, that this faculty is in some instances at least, under the control of the will, and lead them to examine, if it cannot be brought under the control of the will in all instances, instead of wasting their time in contributing to the gratification of the idle curiosity of those who are on the look-out for opportunities to ridicule and abuse them for their pains.

In our next, we will take up the subject of spirit rooms as they are called, and endeavor to give such directions, as will enable any circle to develop one.

G. B. R.

"SPINNING JENNY."—There is a Scotch family of distinction, who—says Mrs. Crowe—are accompanied by an unseen attendant, whom they call "Spinning Jenny." She is heard spinning in their house

in the country, and when they come into town she spins there; servants and all hear the sound of her wheel. I believe she accompanies them no further than to their own residences—not to those of other people. Jenny is supposed to be a former housemaid of the family, who was a great spinner, and they are so accustomed to her presence as to feel it no annoyance.—*Spiritual Age*.

From the New York Tribune.

FREE LOVE.

America, and through it, the world, have been recently startled, shocked, and horrified even, by the announcement of a new kind of freedom, the Freedom of Love. It may be well to reflect that every new idea, fraught with any genuine greatness or value, has, in other times, startled, shocked, and horrified the public in whose ears it was first uttered, and to enquire whether we, in our day, may not be, perchance, repeating the same ridiculous farce, the night-mare of the world's infancy, the panic of ignorance and "verdancy," with which the race has always hitherto accorded a reception to every new dispensation of the truth.

Is there anything to terrify the imagination in the idea of Freedom? Is not Freedom already recognized and worshiped as a goddess, and her image stamped upon the coin of the realm? Is it Love that is viewed as a monster, whose very name paralyzes with fear? There are ancient writings, not a little revered among us, which declare that "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" and again, that "God is love." How, then, does it happen that Free Love, or the Freedom of Loving Hearts, should be a word of terror to mankind, so that the world forgets her propriety, and is made to misbehave herself, with unseemly alarm, at the mere mention of an etymological combination, the elements of which, uttered separately, fall with the soothing cadence of a lullaby upon the same excitable nerves?

Free Love is simply the antithesis of enslaved Love. This is equally true in all the senses of which the word is susceptible, whether confined to the amative and sentimental relation of the sexes, or enlarged to signify the whole affectional nature of man.

For one, I REJECT AND REPUDIATE THE INTERFERENCE OF THE STATE IN MY MORALS, precisely as I do the interference of the Church to prescribe my religious deportment or belief. The outrage on human rights is in my view, no less in kind to assume to determine whom men and women may love, and what manifestation they may make of that sentiment, than it is to burn them at Geneva or Smithfield, for heretical practices or faith.

Such, then, is Free Love, neither more nor less. It is simply a branch or single application of the larger doctrine of the Sovereignty of the individual. It decides absolutely nothing with regard to the form or the continuity of the love relation. Whoever believes that the parties immediately concerned are the proper parties to determine the form and duration of relation; whoever wishes to discard legislative enactment, and adopt a "higher law" as the appropriate regulator of affairs of the heart, is a Free Lovite, no matter what he expects will be the result, as the operation of that law.

The attempt to degrade Free Love into the partisanship of unbridled licentiousness is partly the result of an honest confusion of ideas, and partly the effect of natures conscious, as yet, of no greater elevation of sentiment in themselves than the promptings of unregulated desire. This fog will rapidly disappear. Increased agitation will clear and instruct the public intellect. The example of refined and intelligent persons who believe in freedom, and who use it wisely and conscientiously,

will gradually draw and assimilate to itself the conduct of those who are less elevated and refined.

It is true, therefore, that nobody is really FITTED for Freedom but those who are regenerated in the true sense of the term—that is to say, those in whom there is developed a truly religious nature, having respect for every consideration of right which can press upon a human conscience properly illuminated by the intellect. It is true, however, on the contrary that it is NATURAL for man individually and collectively, TO BE DEVELOPED into this higher state. The second birth is natural as the first. The state of grace is as much a state of nature as the so called state of nature itself. It merely comes later, and by virtue of other causes, not by any means excluding or depreciating the exhortations or ministrations of the priesthood.—As it comes, it breaks the old bonds which were adapted to the restraint of the passions wholly unregulated from within and above. Freedom is, therefore, just a consequence of development, of which it then becomes a promoter and additional cause.

While, therefore, men who are not wise, are not fitted for Freedom; Freedom is, nevertheless, requisite to make them fit. Freedom forced upon an individual or a people from without, before development progresses to the point of demanding is as a right, MAY prove a disaster; but the fact that the demand if made, and Freedom vindicated as a right, is itself a strong intimation of that development which will know how to profit by its use.

It is not true, therefore, that nobody is ENTITLED to Freedom, except those who are fitted to apply it to its best use. All men are entitled to Freedom to whom Freedom will furnish the means of further development, and who can make use of it with that moderation which shall guard them against encroachment upon the freedom of others.

Finally, the words Free and Freedom, are everywhere honored except in the connections "Free Niggers," "Free Women," "Free Thinking," and "Free Love." They are scoffed at in these relations, because they stand opposed to Tyrannies which are still respectable—Slavery, Marriage and the Authority of the Church. When Tyranny of all kinds shall have disappeared, Freedom of all kinds will be revered, and none will be ashamed to confess that they believe in the Freedom of Love.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

ROBERT OWEN, the well known champion of Socialism, died recently in England, aged 88 years. No missionary, fired with the love of souls, ever displayed a more unselfish devotion than that exhibited by Mr. Owen in the labors which absorbed almost the whole of his active life. Without any faith in immortality to warm his heart and inspire his zeal, he labored constantly, with a patience which no discouragement could abate, to diffuse principles and promote measures which he believed were calculated to advance the welfare of his fellow-men. In the prosecution of his schemes he expended large sums of money, wrote much for the press, and traveled extensively. Twice at least he visited the United States, where his childlike simplicity and unselfish devotedness of his character commanded the admiration of many who regarded his skepticism in religious matters with a strong repugnance. Often denounced, in terms of great severity, as a man that was seeking to upturn the very foundations of society, he never rendered railing for railing, but treated his opponents with truly Christian forbearance and magnanimity. His latter years, we believe, were cheered by a faith in immortality, founded in the revelation of Spiritualism.—*Anti-Slavery Standard*.

THE AGITATOR.

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Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

DEAR READER:—Nearly a month since, I left Cleveland. It was on a cold November night. There was, however, no ice, rain or clouds in my spirit world, for I knew that warm hands and loving hearts would welcome me at the East. I have not been disappointed. In

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK,

Lewis and Sarah Burtis made me as comfortable and happy as if I had been their father's child—and am I not? Is't the dear, All-Father our father? And what does color and clime signify to those who belong to the great Brotherhood? The good souls I met in Rochester are all abolitionists, consequently my *color*, (Brown) was not objectionable. One of the real, genuine souls blessed me in a very (to me) singular and acceptable manner. Did any one, dear reader, ever tuck into your hands some bits of gold and then walk quietly away without waiting for a "thank you" Such souls seldom come in my way; but they will happen along occasionally.

I spoke in Rochester to good congregations. But Spiritualism is as unpopular in its birth-place as Christianity was in Bethlehem eighteen hundred years ago. Herod is living in the region of Rochester and sending out the "Scribes and priests" to "slay the young child" that has already gone into the temples to dispute with the theological and physiological quacks. Fortunately, however, Spiritualism does not belong to the things destined for destruction. Isaac and Amy Post, pioneers in reform, reside in Rochester. They, Mr. and Mrs. Burtis and Charles Hammond were among the first to embrace Spiritualism—first to speak and write upon the subject.

I had the good fortune of making the acquaintance of Prof. C. H. Bolles and wife; Prof. O. K. Chamberlain and Mrs. E. J. Hall, M. D., Electropathists. Professor Bolles, I think, is the discoverer of this new method of treating diseases by Electricity. The doctors are doing a good work, in the way of healing the sick, lame, blind and deaf. I saw and heard too little of the healing process to give anything like a correct idea of the *modus operandi*; but those who judge from actual experience do not hesitate to pronounce the science of Electropathy the great discovery of the age. One gentleman's lost memory was restored; and a lady, prematurely gray, had her hair changed to its original color while under the treatment of these physicians. God bless all who are working for poor, diseased humanity.

ONEIDA, N. Y.

I visited THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, founded several years since, by Rev. J. H. Noyes. Like all who stray from the highway marked out by Public Opinion, these Communists have been persecuted, but not stoned or starved. I do not know the great difference between them and the religious world in general, except that the Communists are trying to actualize what their Christian brothers are only praying for—the establishment of the

kingdom of heaven upon the earth. They repudiate the marriage law for *themselves*, because in the Christ Kingdom "they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

I think those who know the Communists best, do not question their honesty in opinions or the purity of their lives. They are not Spiritualists, yet they possess a commendable degree of toleration toward those who have embraced this modernism. The order, quiet, neatness and system that pervaded the Establishment, pleased me vastly. Girls were employed in the workshops and in the printing office. They demonstrated the truth that sex does not disqualify one for any occupation. They have a large farm, and do a good business in the way of growing and canning fruit. I purchased some raspberries and find them as fresh as if they were just gathered.

NEW YORK.

I am in the Yankee Babylon, a great town overflowing with poverty and wealth, Crime and Christian graces. Starvation in rags, and bloated Luxury in ermine meet one at every step in New York. The city is crowded with costly palaces and dilapidated hovels; splendid churches and pestilential prisons. God's children, to him alike dear, tenant all these abodes. I wonder we are not more ready to divide our bread and help to make these wretched sisters and brothers more comfortable and happy; when Nature has provided sufficient for all needs and she has decreed, too, that nothing, but heart treasures, shall be taken through the death-portal! But, after all, I like New York. There is a kind of mind-your-own business—and I'll-mind-mine spirit here that strikes me as exceedingly beautiful. The Spiritualists here are, many of them, among the best business men and most intelligent women. They are independent thinkers and speakers; they would as soon think of disowning their children as their faith in Spiritualism. For the benefit of those who only know the New York reformers by reputation, I will give a pen-o-graph of some few of them.

CORA HATCH

is a woman of eighteen years, as we count time; but her strange experience gives the idea that she is much older. The most of you know that she has recently left her husband and refuses all overtures for a reconciliation. Strange as it may seem, the sympathies of the mass are with her. There are but a few who do not feel that to her woman's soul she is true.

She has at present a home with Mr. and Mrs. Ludden in Brooklyn. Dr. Hatch has forbidden them "harbouring or trusting her on *his* account." It is a little amusing to hear a man talk about *his* money when every dime is the hard earnings of his wife. I intend to give the readers of the Agitator a Sketch of the life of Mrs. Hatch, therefore will defer a lengthy notice. Those who wish to see her as she came from the hands of the artist will find a good steel engraving likeness at the office of the Agitator. It will be sent by mail, postage paid, for 38 cents.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS,

the exponent of Free Love, is a tall, spare man with a brilliant, blue eye and consumptive countenance. He is the last man on earth one would select for a dishonest person and the only charge preferred against him is his heretical ideas of Soul freedom. The N. Y. Tribune has just published a long article from his pen upon this subject, a part of which may be found in another page of this paper.

PROFESSOR MAPES

is a hale, good natured looking man, perhaps, sixty-five years of age. He is a strong minded, earnest-hearted truth seeker. He cares as little for the opinion of Mrs. Grundy as he does about his tomorrow's dinner.

J. B. CONKLIN

is one of the most reliable of test mediums. He not only convinces the skeptic of angel guardianship; but gives, through the Principle, the philosophy of spirit communion. He is a medium sized man with clear, blue eyes, brown hair and a God-bless-you sort of a look which gives one the assurance that there is no quackery in his soul.

MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM

many of you know by her writings. She is a brave, earnest, working woman. The children of the next generation will rise up and bless her for the good she is now doing them by the advocacy of their rights.

MRS. C. M. SMALLEY

is the female physician at Dr. Trall's Water Cure, No. 15, Lighthouse St. She has a great, noble, soul—just the woman to heal the infirmities of soul and body. Some think public women coarse and masculine; but they mistake if such is the impression of Mrs. Smalley. She is gentle, refined and as genial as any parlor lady can possibly be.

Who has not heard of

EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

He is connected with the N. Y. Tribune and the establisher of the "Unitary Home." He has a plan for cheap and splendid living which he has been putting into operation. In a letter upon the subject of the "Unitary Home," he says;

"I resolved to organize a household which, while incorporating the unitary idea in its plan, should recognize in its operations, the principle of exact equity—or in other words—"Cost the Limit of Price." As neither my means nor my experience were adequate to a large beginning, I have made a small one. In the experiment, I have embarked all I have of material wealth. My hopes are centered upon it as the nucleus of a practical Christianity; and so far as I know, it is this day, the only household of several families in existence, the pecuniary operations of which are in exemplification of exact equity."

Mr. Underhill is an enthusiastic, hopeful disciple of Charles Fourier. He is young; a man of good habits, and I mistake his mission if he does not make "Christianity practical" by teaching people to put out seven-eighths of their kitchen fires, have one great laundry in place of fifty, fewer cares, and more comforts at a much less than the present expense.

No stranger in New York interested me more than did the translator of "Shahmah," a new book published by Thatcher and Hutchinson. Those who read the book may conclude that a manly hand put "Showich" into the Anglo Saxon language, and that a heart once embittered by bondage, but is rejoicing in the blessedness of freedom, gave tone and color to the letters of Shahmah Shah; but such is not the fact. The translator is a small, sandy-haired woman. Her soul is brim full of love, romance, poetry and blessings.

The world calls her a "gifted woman;" but I call her a medium. She writes from inspiration. I would like to write her name, but as she is called in the book "an American citizen," I do not feel at liberty to do so.

Mrs. S. E. NORRIS and Dr. WM. HUZZY are Clairvoyant physicians and healing mediums, located at No. 274, Canal St. Dr. Huzzy is a great two hundred pounder. Disease takes fright at his approach and hastily leaves. His success in New York has been, perhaps, without a parallel among healing mediums, owing, I think, to his adaptation to more temperaments than any other person.—Mrs. Norris is remarkable for her clairvoyant powers. She sees diseases with great accuracy, going back to the original cause. The simplest medicine will often entirely remove a long standing malady.

I do not speak of these physicians from observation but from experience. I have been horribly sick since I came here of inflammation of the lungs. When the wretched thing got a strong hold upon me, refusing to be coaxed or driven away, I recalled my engagements and threw myself into the hands of those doctors. I have taken no drugs and am now in a good way to be out among people.—They forbid my speaking again this winter. If I conclude to obey orders, those who have invited me to lecture will know why I am not forthcoming. But I hope not to be housed the whole winter.

Adieu.

READ OUR NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

We have added largely to our list of books, which we will sell at the publisher's retail prices. No one will suppose that we endorse all the books we sell any more than we do the communications of our correspondents; but, while we preach, we hope to practice, the gospel of *toleration*. Dr. Nichols' Books contain much that is valuable and true; but in his work on Marriage and in his Anthropology there are a few things we wish had been *un-written*. "The Religions of the World," is an important and unexceptionable book. It contains a well authenticated history of the various sects, from ancient Buddhism to modern Spiritualism. Mary Lyndon" is the autobiography of Mrs. Nichols—a well written book.

The works of Thomas Paine are too well known to need explanation, or commendation. We wish it was in our power to put his "Rights of Man" into every house in the land. The world is wiser and better for the writings of Thomas Paine.

The discourses of Cora Hatch are full of good and beautiful thoughts. There ever comes, in reading them, a prophecy that the young authoress will yet stand, in her angel womanhood, upon the summit of Mount Truth and call to the dwellers in caves of moral darkness and in the dens of error, to "come up higher."

"Kiss for a Blow," by Henry C. Wright, is one of the very best things in our Juvenile Literature. Too few good books are written for children.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. OSBORN.—We will not be able to *talk* to you this winter.

MR. FISHER.—nor to you; but our weak lungs may not prevent our writing a few sermons for the Agitator.

A. KENYON.—We have been unable thus far to make arrangements for supplying the subscribers of the "Movement." We would gladly send the Agitator gratis to Mr. Allen's patrons had we the means of so doing.

MR. WALDACK.—The likeness of John Allen came in good order. It is as life-like as an artist can make our lamented friend.

SARAH MICHNER.—Thy letters, thy eleven dollars and thy *friendly* wishes are all here. Blessings on thee, Sarah, for thy kindly interest in the Agitator.

"C. M. T.—Your Battle Creek friends mistake our mission and position. If you will read the prospectus of the Agitator you will see that we are pledged to no sect, clan, "movement" or "association." We call no man master,—follow no leader. If any one wishes to live in a Community, to join a church, or remain in isolation, let him do so: it is no matter of ours. We ask only permission to live the life that to us seems the most true and noble. If our "too great sympathies, for a class of so called reformers," have made us and our paper unpopular, we have only to say, so be it. Our endeavor has ever been to live in accordance with the injunction of the Prince of Reformers:—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

DR. G. B. RODGERS.—Will you tell our readers why the Clairvoyant, you speak of in your "Philosophy of Spiritualism" in this number of the Agitator, used the "three substances" wherewith to make passes, and what the substances were? Did these articles produce the clairvoyance? If so it is an interesting and important fact.

JOSEPH TREAT.—Every woman in law—and eastern-bound countries, should give you thanks for writing the "Papers on Woman" in the present number of the Agitator. The Women of the Future (our soul saith) will "rise up and call you Blessed."

W. G. E.—Jan. the 1st. we intend to commence publishing the "Pen-o-graphs." They will be written by different persons; and they are designed to outline the *looks* and *lives* of editors, authors, ministers and murderers, regardless of sex, color, creed or character. We hope, however, that the sketches will be principally of Reformers.

As there are a variety of opinions afloat regarding Cora Hatch, we will first give her pen-o-graph. We will mail single copies of the Agitator, containing these sketches for five cents each.

SETH HINSHAW.—Thy papers have been regularly mailed; but we will remail them. Thy note has been sent to A. D. C.

MRS. HUNTER.—Mr. H.—paid your subscription.

DR. LAZARUS.—Professor Gatchell's address is Ravenna, O. Your communications are safe. We, (you may remember,) did not design commencing the publication of them until we commence a Weekly Journal, which will be as soon as prospects warrant success.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FALSEHOOD.—several writers have responded to our call for the Philosophy of Falsehood; but none of them answer the question. Why are some people constitutionally liars? We know several persons who really *cannot* if they would, tell the plain truth. It is no fault of theirs, but a terrible misfortune to those who come in their way.

"NELSON"—Hav'nt you made a mistake and sent only part of "The Law of Adaptation?"

In our next issue will appear the following articles: "Is Man Immortal?" "The Marriage Question." "A Few Plain Thoughts." "The Woman of the Nineteenth Century." "Fragments" "To my Father and Mother," (poem) and "Reply to a Humanitarian."

"Lizzie."—You will find an answer to your question in Chapter six of "Helena Miles' Heart History."

Book notices crowded out.

THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, will be holden in Salem, Ohio, on the 24th and 25th of December. Let all who love the gospel of freedom be there or send their contributions to either of the following ladies:

SARAH BROWN,	JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
SARAH H. GALBREATH,	LAURA BARNABY,
ANGELINA S. DEMING,	MARGARET HISE,
S. ELIZABETH JONES,	SARAH N. M'MILLAN,
ELIZABETH M'MILLAN,	E. ROBINSON,
ANNA PEARSON.	

DR. SMITH'S MAGNETIC SALVE.—Having often heard of the remarkable cures performed, through the agency of the Magnetic Salve, we called upon Dr. Smith, in New York, and purchased a quantity so as to be certain of having the genuine article for sale. Read the advertisement.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, on our last page, of a work on Woman, Her Diseases and their Treatment.

We hail with joy the advent of books for woman upon the subject of physical health. It is one of the harbingers of the "good time coming." Every body knows the great need of better health among the women of our country: This need will exist just so long as they leave everything to the Doctor, and neglect to study for themselves the structure and functions of their own organism.

Could young girls be made to understand how much their future happiness depends upon sound health, and how much that health depends upon their own knowledge of the means of preserving it; the last new novel would lose its charm beside books that would give them that knowledge. Could the thousands of fancy covered books, filled with sentimental food for morbid mental appetites, which will be put into their hands on the coming holidays, be displaced by such as Professor King's purports to

be, how many a pang of suffering might be saved by it.

We hope, judging from the few extracts we have from the book, that it contains much health *preserving* as well as health *restoring* teaching; if so it will help to meet one of the greatest demands of the Age.

L.

L. A. HINE.

Mr. Hine thinks we misrepresented him in our review of his "Marriage Question."

We give below his letter that our readers may see what he *did* mean by "bonds" and "chains."

"THE MARRIAGE QUESTION."

MRS. BROWN.—You notice my remark "God send that all married persons may continue to hug their chains through life" as follows: "We wish if these wicked words *were* to be written, another hand than Mr. Hine's had written them."

You call my words wicked;—wish you had given some reason for such a denunciation. Why, my dear friend, what is implied by the word *hug*? Is it not a physical manifestation of the most loving tenderness? And is not *chain* often used as a metaphor implying the closest union by the ties of affection? Did you not therefore grossly mistake my meaning? And have you not denounced my invocation in behalf of a continuance of the strongest vow between married persons as "*wicked words*?" I was pained when I saw myself thus assailed for wishing that husband and wife, the Country through may cherish a fond regard for each other!

I fear after such treatment I should be justified in concluding that those who oppose marriage are pained when they find a married couple *hugging their chains*—that is fondly devoted to each other.

At all events, I am convinced that some reformers greatly over-estimate the proportion of unhappy marriages. How many do you suppose? I have heard some radicals declare, that not one in ten were happy unions? On the contrary let me declare my belief that not one in a hundred are unhappy because of their marriage relation. Of the whole married population, at least ninety-nine out of each hundred are as happy as any other alliance would make them and probably more so.

Now I believe without a doubt, that a looser, or, if you please, a freer system would greatly increase the proportion of unhappy marriages, by diminishing the necessity for the greatest care, consideration and precaution on entering into this relation.

You will observe again, that I do not base my marriage system upon statute law—but upon natural, moral or divine law: I ask no ceremony conducted by squire or priest—only the free coming together of a loving male and female under all the sanctities and the sanctions of a stern moral code, with the understanding that their union is fixed as fate, to be dissolved only by death. Then, if one party shall be so recreant as to dissolve that relation by his or her misconduct, I would have such legal supervision as the circumstances may require.

You do not like even, my proposition to let the dissatisfied party walk *freely* out of the marriage state, leaving children and property with the other party. In such cases it is presumed that there is no offence on either part—simply a lack of congeniality. Let the satisfied party retain the home, property and children. Who should have the children? They are as dear to one as the other; and would it not be altogether right to let the steady-minded party, who desires to preserve the sacredness of the home-temple, retain all the little worshippers at its altar; and for the purpose of maintaining the sanctuary, retain also the family estate?

I must ask you to give my article on Marriage a more candid consideration. How you could say of views like the above that "they would have disgraced the Pope of Rome in the Middle Ages," I cannot possibly comprehend.

L. A. HINE.

AGITATOR RECIEPTS.

Fred. Roach, 50 cents; James Robinson, 25 cts.; Mrs. Elizabeth Paul, 25 cents; Lydia Atkinson, \$1; L. A. Simonds, \$1; J. C. Hance, \$1; Belinda A. Crossman, \$1; Dr. W. J. Baner, \$1; H. L. Ray, \$1; Mrs. H. D. McKenzie, \$1; L. M. Pool, \$1; Leonard Marsilloit, 50 cents; Mrs. C. H. Palmer, 25 cents; R. W. Stearns, \$1; Moses Hall, Jr. \$1; Emiline G. Fawcett, \$1; Abraham Michner (by Sarah Michner,) \$1; Isaac Sturtevant, \$1; Mrs. Josephine Foot, \$1; James Bertram, 50 cents; M. A. Hunter, \$1; J. R. Hamilton, \$1; Seth Hinshaw, \$1.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

DEAR SISTER:—How uncertain is human life! Yesterday the fount was full of health, to-day the sere leaf falls to the ground. Change is written on every hand. The happy summer and the mature autumn, are to be succeeded by the wintry blast, and yet these changes are so many blessings conferred by the Heavenly Benefactor. One whose soul knew naught of selfishness, who truly loved his race, who labored untiringly in behalf of man, unexpectedly to his friends, has been translated to the immortal spheres. Whoever truly made the acquaintance of John Allen, knew his worth, felt that they had met a man. In the morning of his life he devoted himself to teaching. There are those who knew him then, loved him, and have ever since watched his onward course. With a heart filled to the brim, he entered the ministry of universal reconciliation, was then known as a devoted minister of the Son of God.

The instant that he struck a new vein of truth he made the disclosure of the fact; no one who ever knew him, supposed him capable of concealing a new thought, however unpopular or revolutionary. The voice of the sturdy reformers reached his ears; he listened, caught their stern notes and at once sprang, as it were, from the sluggish pulpit to stand by the side of him who said "I am in earnest," "I will not equivocate," "I will not retreat one inch and will be heard."

The colored man, the slave, the prisoner, the inebriate knew at once that Mr. Allen was their friend. Like most reformers he forgot to provide for his own personal wants, so interested was he in labors for others. Brisbane, Channing, Ripley, Dana, and others, struck the social drum, it was music to the ears of our friend; no labors seemed to great for him, he knew nothing of sacrifice—his life was one of continuous toil. He identified himself with socialism in its boldest form. It was proposed by some friends of progress in France to found a colony in the New World. Mr. Allen plunged into the forests of Texas, smoked his pipe with the red man, reposed at night, like an old Patriarch, upon the cold earth. His labors were not seconded as he expected, and he returned a sadder but wiser man. A call was made for a social press in the Commercial Emporium, he unfolded his sheet—again disappointments encompassed him; but he was hopeful, believed that it was possible for the "Spirit World," to combine its forces and plant on this earth a new social state. To that labor he gave his talent, welcomed the weary traveler to his home, sheltered the outcast.

His eyes are closed, his spirit emancipated from the mortal form, he has passed to the world of causes, there to unite his voice with ministering spirits, to combine his learning and talents with theirs and through chosen channels, to transmit his thoughts to the inhabitants of the earth. Dear friend, we bid thee God speed; we know that thy head, hand and heart is ours; we will sit at thy feet, listen to thy voice and hope to be encouraged by thy noble life.

Yours,

S.

THE UNLOVED.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

The great mystery of God's providence is the permitted crushing out of flowering instincts. Life is maintained by the respiration of oxygen and of sentiments. In the long catalogue of scientific cruelties there is hardly anything quite so painful to think of as that experiment of putting an animal under the bell of an air-pump and exhausting the air from it. [I never saw the accursed trick performed. *Lauds Deo!*] There comes a time when the souls of human beings, woman, perhaps, more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they were made to breathe. Then it is that society places its transparent bell-glass

over the young woman who is to be the subject of one of its fatal experiments. The element by which only the heart lives is sucked out of her crystalline prison. Watch her through its transparent walls; her bosom is heaving, but it is in a vacuum. Death is no riddle, compared to this. I remember a poor girl's story in the "Book of Martyrs." The "fry-pan and the gradual fire" were the images that frightened her most. How many have withered and wasted under as slow a torment in the walls of that larger Inquisition which we call Civilization!

Yes, my surface-thought laughs at you, you foolish, plain, over-dressed, mincing, cheaply organized, self-saturated young person, whoever you may be, now reading this—little thinking you are what I describe, and in blissful unconsciousness that you are destined to the lingering asphyxia of soul which is the lot of multitudes worthier than yourself. But it is only my surface-thought which laughs. For that great procession of the UNLOVED, who not only wear the crown of thorns, but must hide it under the locks of brown or gray—under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban—hide it even from themselves—perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them—there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that pity has not sounded. Somewhere—somewhere—love is in store for them—the universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those towards whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by their God-given instincts!

Read what the singing women—one to ten thousand of the suffering women—tell us, and think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough laying in the next church-yard, with very common-place blue slate-stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but she could give words to her grief and they could not. Will you hear a few stanzas of mine?

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their heart's sad story—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross, without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory haunted billow,
But where the glistening night dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

PAPERS ON WOMAN.

NO. V.

One word tells the secret of Woman's slavery—Dependence. Woman cannot shake off her yoke of vassalage, till she is able to defy consequences. So long as she is holden to Man for the supply of her wants, so long will he have power to prescribe the conditions on which that supply shall be rendered. She must be able to meet him on equal ground, and to dictate her own terms, before any truce can become a peace. She cannot even take her Rights, while she depends.

This is pivotal. At last we have touched the bottom. The whole question of Woman's success in this great battle she is waging, hinges on her ability to stand alone. In the unpoetic, matter-of-fact language of commerce, it is simply, Can she take care of herself—Can she get a living? Hear it, ye with lily hands, and faces never browned by the sun, and let it sound in your ears like the voice of a trumpet, that the only salvation from slavery is to

earn your bread—is to work! Woman's need of needs is to set up for herself; to go on her own hook; to pay her own way—in one word, to become as independent as man is.

To do this, she has other needs. She needs a body to do with. She needs physical health and vigor, of which she is not now possessed. She needs in general, a *larger* body; and she would have it if she only used it. Nearly all men need larger bodies; for most of us are getting sadly dwarfed. Or, if we were *never* larger, then all the more need we to grow, to the denied perfection of all these thousands of years. And Woman needs a stronger body; and training and exercise would increase her in strength, as well as in size. But more than all she needs a well body; which never in this century, and especially in America has she had. She needs to be freed from the common ailments of humanity, and from those peculiar to her own Sex. She can never become efficient—she can never accomplish—till she is well. She cannot enter the lists with Man, and compete with him till she has more of his health and strength. She cannot even equal him in mind. She will fall behind him as a thinker, writer, scholar. He will beat her in the Editor's chair, in the Senator's hall, in the pursuit of literature; all, because there is not enough of her—because he has the most physical stamina. Disguise it as we may—disbelieve it if we will—the manifestation of intellect is absolutely dependent upon the development of body. Strong minds with weak bodies, are not half so strong as they would be with strong bodies. Among *men*, there is not one equal mind among ten thousand, because the condition of body is not equal. How then can Woman evince genius, weak, and disordered as she is now?

And Woman can not become well and strong, till she breaks from the prison walls which have so long inclosed her, and comes forth to the air and light. The breezes of heaven must fan her brow, and the sunbeams kiss her cheeks. The blonde of her complexion must give way to healthier tints, and richer if not rosier beauty. The clear, unsullied white of the delicate skin, she must exchange for the bronze of the day-god's painting. Say what we will, in all the earth, there is no such beauty as that of a Woman, whose face and neck have been burned by the sun. The poet felt it, when, in depicting the fair daughter under Italian skies, he wrote,

"Where the sun-browned are dancing,
In the land of the vine!"

And another made one say, anciently, "I am black, but *comely*, O! ye daughters of Jerusalem, because the sun hath looked upon me." The fresh glow of health, is more than all pale and faded charms, though they were increased to snowy whiteness. Darkness bleaches a plant, and makes it sickly; so will keeping within doors, and being always veiled, bleach a maiden; but equally *she* looks sickly, and is not beautiful.

And Woman must *work* in this air and sun—must work in the garden, orchard, and field—must work with the hoe and the spade. It is this which will develop her into physical vigor. Here in Kansas I daily see Women taking the whole place of men; not coming out occasionally into a garden near by to spell their brothers in their work, but issuing far from their doors, to cultivate wide-spread fields of corn alone, and leave the stronger sex to go, to the still heavier task of furrowing the prairie—breaking the swords of a thousand years! I see them wrestling with the native growths of this prolific soil—to subdue them, and replace them with the fruits of human planting—for hours together under a burning sun; and they are not harmed, but daily stronger grow. And should I say what *all* Women will yet do, in this regard—what labors they will perform, and when and where, and how—

no doubt it would be said in vain, for scarce would there be any to believe. But I see a girl half-grown, again and again going with a double team alone, more than a mile away from houses and roads, up and down the stony banks of ravines out of sight, to the woods where men are at work, to receive and bear back a load of timber for fencing; and to me it is a bright promise of what will be in the future, and of what Woman shall yet do and be. And I see the same girl, with her pants and short skirts mounted on the back of a horse like any other rider, and galloping off over the prairie to drive up the cattle herd; and I will not say but many might turn away from the sight, and talk of the danger of my hero becoming unsexed. But I know that that girl is growing up to be independent, and that her spirit will be untamed and free; and I fear not for the social circle of which she will one day be the joy and pride! But so, this life of out-doors, will be Woman's great school of health and physical training. It will be exercise, air, sun, and especially the earth, all in one; for there is no more healing nor strengthening magnetism to man, than that of the physical planet itself. We shall all yet find, that out of the ground comes a great life to both body and spirit.

But Woman needs, not only a better body, but equally a different dress for that body. She cannot execute, to achieve her independence, because she is meshed. She is swathed in a hundred yards of muslin. She is draped from her head to her feet. It is as if she were tied up in a bag, and not a step could she take, except as she kicked the bag before her. It is not at all the dress of a being with feet. She cannot take the morning air, for there is dew. She cannot ramble through the fields, for there are fences. She cannot walk in the woods for there is brush. And at last she cannot work, for she cannot get around. Let her throw her dress, and get a better one. But if she will still cling to her robes, let her at least limit their wearing to her moments of ease—to the repose and display of the withdrawing-room—and not cumber herself with them when the demand is for action. But the argument is in favor of another costume forever; and the future will even go beyond all that any of us have thought.

And not now for her health, but to procure herself a livelihood, Woman needs to become a tiller of the soil. She needs, with her own hands, to grow from the soil, what, either directly, or in exchange, will feed, and clothe, and every way support her. Then she can look every man in the face, and she can order her own life and lot; she will not be compelled to sell herself. No man can enslave her—father, brother, suitor, unnatural son. There can be no assurance of independence, equal to this. A garden of vegetables; an acre of small fruits: a vineyard of grapes; an orchard of choice varieties; a field of corn or cane; and then her own bees to make honey—either, or all, would lift her up to the summit level; make her a negotiator before the board of brokers; and give her consideration in the chamber of commerce. If she cannot get land for the purpose, let her take it. Her father, brother, or husband owns it: let her say, "I will walk such a portion, and the products shall be mine." And then let her do the work, and the products would be hers—no man could in the end keep them from her. And the land itself would be hers, so long as she continued to till it; and then she would have grown into obtaining a foothold, and possessing herself of a home. And a further home—land to own, and a house on it—if she needed, or desired, she might procure from her proceeds.

There is one more need—co-operation. Isolation is the waste of endeavor, and the grave of success. Women must associate their efforts for independence. They must form business partnerships as men do. They must unite in little companies, to procure land and till it—three or four sisters in a family, or half a dozen neighbors, side by side. Women who are single must club together to keep

boarding-house, to cheapen the cost of living; furnishing their table from stores, of which they themselves have been the producers. There could not be a more independent life, than that of such female farmers. And Women with families must club together to establish facilities for performing their housework; cooking, washing, ironing, and the like. If one steam bakery in Philadelphia will manufacture 11,000 loaves of bread in a day; and if by machinery, a shirt can be washed, dried, and ironed within five minutes, then Women can see how much time and labor they might save, were they to get up similar establishments. Their husbands would be glad to furnish them the capital as soon as they found that their wives had pluck enough to say, that if the household drudgery could not be performed in that way, they would not do it at all! Then how much leisure those women might have, to devote to something else—to this same work of maintaining their own independence by cultivating the soil, or to mental and moral improvement, or to benefiting the race!

Thus let Woman enter at once upon the work of self-help—the work introductory to all.
Twin Mound, Kansas. JOSEPH TREAT.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A Note to the Young People.

We often thought of you, dear children, in our eastern tour and gathered up a few items of interest, which we will give you in the next number of the Agitator. One thing we'll tell you now—yes, two things we will say. One is we saw some splendid pictures in the "Dusseldorf Gallery," and took them down in our book of remembrance, so as to be able to tell you about them. Another thing is, Henry C. Wright, the child's friend, has published a book for you. He calls it "A Kiss for a Blow." We saw them in Boston and sent them home to be sold. You will all want the book, for a "kiss" is much better than a "blow." If any of you will send the Agitator two new subscribers, with two dollars in cash, we will send you the book by mail.

READ CHILDREN!—READ PARENTS.

DEAR CHILDREN:—As I take much interest in you—in your welfare, will you allow me to address you a short letter? And why should I not take an interest in you? You are soon to take the places of your Fathers and your Mothers—are soon to assume the responsibilities devolving on manhood and womanhood; and the manner in which you may discharge those responsibilities will, in a great measure, depend upon the course you may pursue in the growing years of childhood and youth. You are endowed with various organs of the body and faculties of the mind, which are now being unfolded, or are growing.

As I have seen you enjoying your sports, and have heard the rich music of your merry laugh as it has been wafted upon the passing breeze, I have wondered if you could even guess the effect it has upon your growth of body and mind.

The lungs, which are located in the upper portion of the body, are the organs by which you breathe. Just place your ear upon your father's bosom, and as he breathes you will notice that it swells out as the air is rushing into the lungs, which you can plainly hear. The air is composed of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen. In the lungs the blood is brought so close to the air, only a very thin membrane separating them, that it can absorb from it a portion of its oxygen. At the same time the air receives from the blood, carbonic acid, a poisonous gas, which is produced by the changes that are continually going on in the body. It is necessary that this should take place; without it life could not long be maintained. By it the blood is kept in a healthy condition; and as it returns to the heart, which is situated between the lungs, it quickly darts through its delicate valves and springs

forth again and passes through the arteries to all portions of the body, furnishing material for its sustenance and growth. The brain, the organ of thought, also acquires its due supply of pure blood that we may think clearly.

Your activity while playing, among other things, tends to promote the circulation of the blood. It also causes you to breathe deep and full, which, with the laughing in which you so much like to indulge, are part of the means which Nature employs to make you grow healthy and strong, that you may be able to discharge well the duties of coming years. How magnificent is Nature! and how beautiful is her master piece—a human being!

Your friend,

G. B. P.

Marion, O.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THY MOTHER.

Young man, speak kindly to thy mother, and courteously, tenderly, of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, and her form is bent, and her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly, but never again, while time is your's, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness; she nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eye lighted up the vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your steps for improvement, nor even then forsakes or forgets.

Speak gently, then, and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

We take the following from an exchange, and heartily recommend it to every little grammarian entering on the study of Murray, Brown, or any of the numerous grammars now in use. Let the learner commit it to memory, and he need never make a single mistake of a part of speech. The author deserves immortality; it forms one of the most useful poetic effusions we have ever met with:

1. Three little words you often see
Are Articles—*a, an* and *the*.
2. A Noun's the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *king*.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand.
As *her* head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.
5. Verbs tell of something being done,
To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump*, or *run*.
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.
7. Conjunctions join the words together,
As *men and* women, *wind or* weather.
8. The Preposition stands before
A noun, as *in* or *through* the door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh!* how pretty, *Ah!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

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For the wrong that needs resistance;
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